

Down in Nod-a-way

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Con Moto

il canto marcato

I lost my heart down in Nod-a-way, When the

poco marcato *a tempo*

Spring of the year was a-blow, When the wild woods flower'd down in

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Nod-a-way, And the blooms on the trees were like snow. For

a tempo *poco rit*

eyes they are blue down in Nod-a-way, And cheeks like the ros-es are

meno mosso *rit*

red, And a fair lit-tle maid down in Nod-a-way, Stole my

a tempo *poco marcato a tempo*

heart e'er the sum - mer had fled

a tempo

Now miles stretch be-tween me and

poco marcato

Nod-a-way, And the throb of the Spring in my veins Takes me

a tempo

back to the hill - tops of Nod-a-way, And the per - fume of flowers in the

poco marcato

poco rit

lanes, Ah, my heart is a-wea-ry for Nod-a-way, And the

meno mosso

fair lit-tle maid I would see; For the blue of the eyes down in

rit. *a tempo* *poco marcato*

Nod-a-way, Is the heav'n of the Spring - time to me

a tempo *ten.* *rit.* *a tempo*